

The Myrtle

INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE. BY ALICE KILBOURN

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The Life-Clock.

THERE is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen,
That beateth on—and beateth on,
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapp'd in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks, and ticks the livelong night,
And never runneth down.

Oh, wondrous is that work of art,
Which knells the passing hour,
But art ne'er formed, nor mind conceived,
The life-clock's magic power.

Nor set in gold, nor deck'd with gems,
By wealth and pride possessed,
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each hears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream, 'mid bed and flowers,
All still and softly glides,
Like the wavelet's step with a gentle beat,
It warns of passing tides.

When threatening darkness gathers o'er,
And hope's bright visions flee,
Like the sullen strokes of the muffled car,
It beateth heavily.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm,
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heed'd not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended;
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
Till that strange life is ended.

—Christian Banner.

"Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear,
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That all the earth might hear."

For the Myrtle.

"Old Boots."



THAT was the name of a favorite black cat of ours who was my constant playmate. If I had any trouble I would whisper it

in her ear which would flicker either through sympathy or because my breath tickled it; and if I had a great joy I would seize her by the arms and make her dance, but this she did not like very well, as it was ill-suited to that majestic deportment which frequently caused us to speak of her as the "Grand Begum."

Indeed, I was wont to deck her with colored beads, and whatever jewelry my mother would lend me for the occasion, and place her in the dining-room window, where I would prop up her chin whenever I observed a slumberous tendency, and call upon her to look her most dignified, as the passers-by were noticing and admiring her glossy fur and emerald eyes, not to mention the jewels wound about her. Whenever Old Boots had a fit of sneezing I would tie her in a little chair in such a manner that she could not get loose, and putting a little tub of warm water under her feet, would bathe them, then with a doll's teaspoon I would give her sugared water out of a goblet, at which she would kick and put

her claws out. Then I would wrap up her feet with flannel, put her night cap on, and place her in the doll's bed, tucking her in carefully.

One day when I had dressed her in my doll's baby clothes, and covered her sharply-pointed ears with a little lace night cap, I heard the buttermilk's ring at the area bell, and called out to Sarah that I wished she would open the street door to him with the cat in her arms, so that he might think that it was a baby; and she consenting, I cautioned her to look very serious that he might not suspect that it was only a cat. I followed behind, and held up my finger to keep Old Boots still, for she was trying to climb over Sarah's shoulder, and her claws were very sharp. The buttermilk nearly let fall the eggs he was handing her, with the start he gave, and then he laughed, and said, "Bless my heart alive if I didn't think you had a young native *Hinjun* baby there!" (I suppose he meant Indian.)

Once I had my portrait taken with Old Boots in my arms, but at every sitting she struggled so to get away that her likeness was not a happy one, and her legs looked like little black sticks. I used often to play at dentist, and rolling her up in a cloth, applied the pinchers to imaginary teeth, and pretended to extract them with great dexterity, whilst Old Boots' chromatic growls rose to a perfect wail of anger at having her mouth forced open so unceremoniously without her being able to escape. In a similar way I would play at hair-dresser, clean her partings with a piece of flannel dipped in borax and camphor, use a fine tooth comb, clip the ends of the fur all round her forehead, or shingle it, finishing off with a moderate application of pomade.

Once when I was away at boarding-school a little girl who wore her skirts short as I wore mine, came to visit my mother. Old Boots, the moment she perceived her, ran up to her, and began rubbing against her legs, thinking that it was her little mistress, but on discovering her mistake she stopped short, lashed her tail indignantly, and hurried out of the room in a very ruffled condition.

She was very quick in detecting the most distant cry of the "cat's meat man," and would run to the street door in great excitement to await his coming. Sometimes I would place her on the piano and sing to her. At the first words "Bo-o-o-o-ts, oh most charming Boo-oo-oots!" she would close her eyes, and settle herself down complacently, but when I introduced in a low

voice the words "and she cried Cat's meat! Cat's meat!" her ears would prick up and appear above the music book before me. At a repetition of the cry of cat's meat in a louder tone, she would leap from the piano, and run down stairs to the street door in vain expectancy of her butcher's arrival.

When Old Boots had grown to be quite venerable, we had a servant named Jane, who never allowed a day to pass without breaking some piece of china or glass. Once she broke the bars of the kitchen range, and exclaimed, in tones of pride and delight, "Well, if I aint a breaking iron now!" Jane considered herself to be quite a poetess, and some of her verses we discovered in a china closet after her departure. They ran thus:

"don't you hoffer Gase up at the stars and the moon
and thenk of hold hingland and Mea plain on
the acordium and your
A plain swetely on your gatar."

But Jane was not kind to animals, and one day she threw a tubful of cold water over Old Boots, who happened to be sitting in her way, and this frightened the poor old cat so that she ran away and hid in the coal cellar of an empty house, where she was locked in for a whole fortnight without its being known that she was there. It was in winter, and she had no food unless she might have caught mice. When she was let out she came in front of our house, and mewed very faintly. I ran out to her, and oh how I cried to see my poor old "Old Boots" so miserably thin and weak. I beat up an egg for her in milk, and put her by the fire, but she never was well again, and did not live long.

Of the progeny Old Boots left—one kitty went to Constantinople, and the other to Italy, and both grew to be astonishingly talented and amiable so that their reputation was spread far and wide. But I never have believed that any cat in the world could approach the perfections of my "Old Boots."

Clelia Lega Weeks.

Do not imagine that grace of womanliness can be preserved without care. To be womanly outwardly you must be womanly within. If envy and hatred fill your heart, your manner cannot long be sweet and gentle. If your standard of thought and principle becomes lowered, you cannot long conceal the change. Watch yourself closely, guard the outer wards with care and prayer, if you would preserve sacred the inner sanctuary of your hearts.

A Good Sabbath School Boy.

Our Thomas dropped a fine red apple out of the front window, which rolled very near the iron railing, between the grass plot and the street. Thomas forgot to pick it up. Shortly after two boys came along.

"Oh, my!" cried one. "See that bouncing apple! Let's hook it out!"

The other boy nudged him, with a whisper, "Oh, don't; there's somebody looking." And on they went.

A little girl next passed. She spied the apple and stopped, looking very hard at it; then put her hands through the rails, and tried to reach it. Her fingers just touched it. She looked around; a man was coming down the street. The girl withdrew her hand and went away.

A ragged little fellow came by soon after. "That boy will steal the apple," I said to myself, peeping through the blinds. His bright eye at once caught sight of it, and he stopped. After looking at it a moment, he ran across the street and picked up a stick. He poked it through the rails, and drew the apple near enough to pick it up. Turning it over in his grim hands, I could not help seeing how he longed to eat it. Did he pocket it and run? No. He came up the steps and rang the door bell. I went to the door.

"I found this big apple in your front garden," said the boy; "and I thought maybe you had dropped it out, and didn't know it was there; so I picked it up, and have brought it to you."

"Why did you not eat it?"

"Oh," said he, "it is not mine."

"It was almost in the street," said I, "where it would have been hard to find its owner."

"Almost is not quite," replied the boy; "which Mr. Curtis says makes all the difference in the world."

"Who is Mr. Curtis?"

"My Sabbath School teacher. He has explained the eighth commandment to me, and I know it; what is the use of knowing unless you act upon it?" Here he handed me the apple.

"Will you accept the apple?" said I. "I am glad you brought it in, for I like to know honest boys. What is your name?"

He told me. I need not tell you, however, only I think you will agree with me that he is the right sort of a Sabbath School scholar. He squares his conduct by the faithful Christian instruction he gets there.

The Boy's Triumph.

There were prizes to be given in a certain school. One of the boys, named Willie, was very anxious to secure a prize. As he was young, the other boys were ahead of him in all his studies except writing. So he made up his mind that he would try for the writing prize with all his might. He did try bravely, so that his copy-book would have done honor to a boy twice his age. When the time came for awarding the prizes, the chairman of the committee held up two copy-books, and said,—

"It would be difficult to say which of these two books is the best, but for one copy in Willie's book, which is not only superior to Charlie's, but to every other copy in the same book. This copy, therefore, gains the prize."

Willie's heart beat high with hope, though not unmixed with fear. Blushing deeply, he said, "Please, sir, may I see that copy?"

"Certainly," replied the chairman, looking a little surprised.

Willie glanced at the copy, and then handing it back said, "Please, sir, that is not *my* writing. It was written by an upper class boy, who took my book by mistake one day, instead of his own."

"Oh, oh!" said the chairman, "that may alter the case." The two books went back again to the committee, who, after comparing them carefully, gave the prize to Charley.

The boys laughed at Willie. "What a fool you were, Willie, to say any thing about it," said one of them.

"I wouldn't have told," said another.

"Nor I," said another, laughing. "The copy was in your book, and you had a right to have the benefit of it."

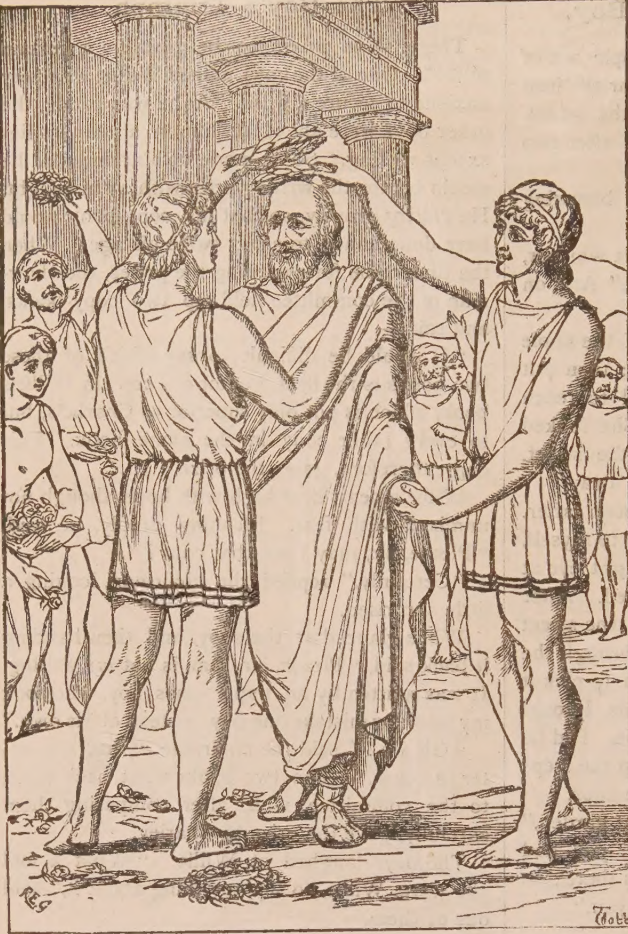
Willie heard all they had to say, and then quietly replied,—

"It would not have been the truth if I had not told who wrote the copy. I had rather tell the truth, and do right, than gain a dozen prizes. Truth is better than gold."

At a slave-market in one of the Southern States, at which the writer was present, a smart, active colored boy was put up for sale. A kind master, who pitied his condition, and not wishing him to have a cruel owner, went up to him, and said, "If I buy you, will you be honest?"

The boy, with a look that baffled description, replied,—

"I will be honest whether you buy me or not."



Diagoras and his Sons.

IN the histories of Greece, we often find something said about the "Games." These games were very different from boys' plays. Only men or quite grown-up youths were permitted to take part in them. It required a great deal of strength and skill, and a great deal of practice, too, to be a victor in any of them. The foot-races were the chief, but there were also contests in wrestling and throwing the quoit; and afterwards there was a chariot race.

Those who took part in these contests had to be trained under a master for ten months before the time for holding the games. Only native-born Greeks were allowed to engage in them,

and they were required to be men of honorable parentage and good character. Neither were they allowed to use any unfair means to win the victory; if they did, they were most severely punished.

At one of these games a very affecting scene occurred. The sons of an old man, named Diagoras, who had himself in days gone by been a victor, came to contend for a prize. Both won the crown made of olive leaves. With joy the old man pressed forward to greet them, and as they embraced him, they took their crowns from their own heads and placed them on his. Then lifting him on their shoulders as if he were the victor, they carried him along the race ground in triumph. The people greeted them with loud shouts, for the Greeks honored old age, and they honored the sons who put such honor upon their father. "Die now, Diagoras," they cried, "for thou hast nothing more to wish for."

There is a nobler, better crown for us to win, and which all of us may win; but the course is not a short one, which may be run in a few minutes; it lasts our whole life time, and is not ended till we die. It begins when we earnestly, and with all our hearts, resolve to serve God and walk in His ways; it finishes when we enter eternal glory.

And what a glorious crown it is which is offered to us to win! No fading wreath of olive, but a crown of righteousness, a crown of life, a crown of triumph with Christ! Earthly fame as well as earthly crowns must perish, but this endures forever, for it is a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

Who would not strive to win this crown? To have the approval of Christ, the Judge, and receive the palm, and the robe, and the crown from His hands? "Let us, therefore, run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus."—*From "Heroes and Great Men of Old."*

WIT and gayety answer the same purpose that a fire does in a damp house.



For the Myrtle.

Sparrows.

I WISH my little readers could go with me on some of these November mornings through our beautiful Union Park, and hear the twittering of the English sparrows.

Union Park is not a large park, as you might think, but only a broad street that has a little oval park in the center. All the trees in this little park are filled with tiny brown and white bird-

houses,—a little “village in the air,” as Dr. Bartol calls it. And in these pretty houses live the English sparrows.

But this is not all. Along both sides of the street the houses that surround the park are covered with woodbine that clammers up from the basement almost to the roof, and in autumn turns a beautiful crimson. All through these red woodbines are placed the little bird houses, and so up and down the sides of the houses the swallows flit in and out, and twitter, twitter, until you would think the whole side of the house was alive. At first I thought it was canaries, and looked up at the windows to see where all the bird-cages were hung; but I soon saw that the birds were not in cages, but in little brown houses, and flitted in and out at their own sweet will.

There is one house that stands back several feet from the one next it, and all the corner is filled by this luxuriant woodbine. This is the corner that the birds love best; and sometimes I see the young daughter of the house come to an upper window and throw out crumbs to feed her sparrows until they flutter and chirp about her in a perfect cloud. There is a pretty window-garden on the ledge under the window, and that too is a spot beloved of the birds; and the whole makes as pretty a picture as you would care to see.

When I see this lovely maiden caring for her sparrows, I think of the Saviour's words: “Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not neither do they reap nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Ye are of more value than many sparrows.”

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

Hymn.

HE truant child, who roams abroad,
 Beguiled by summer hours,
 Heedless of all save present joys,
 Sports amid birds and flowers.
 But when the tender limbs grow tired,
 And twilight veils the lea,
 With weary step but trusting heart,
 He seeks his mother's knee.
 So, when our earthly friends grow cold,
 And life's bright hopes decay—
 When time and care have touched our cheeks,
 And stolen their bloom away;
 When we have drained grief's cup, and found
 How bitter dregs can be,
 With trusting hearts we humbly come
 Father divine, to thee!

Mrs. B. B. Brown.

For the Myrtle.

Hurry!

I WAS walking along,
 While the bells rang “ding-dong.”
 When a voice said plainly “Haste,
 No time you have to waste.”
 Indignant, I turned to see
 Who was so near to me.
 No one I saw or heard,
 Not e'en a small leaf stirred.
 I passed now quickly on,
 Still, ever and anon,
 I would hear softly, “Haste,
 No time you have to waste.”

Mary Hooper.

Discontented Jennie.

A California paper tells about her, and says she is the most discontented, unhappy little monkey that ever lived. She finds something to cry about twenty times a day. Yesterday I saw her sitting on a box in the back yard, a small monument of despair. The tears were running slowly down her cheeks; and old Carlo, the Newfoundland dog, all decked in rags and strings, stood wagging his tail, and watching her sympathetically. I took her up in my arms, and asked her what she was crying about.

“Oh, many sings,” she said.

“What things, darling?”

“Oh, every sing is wrong—every sing in dis world. I wish I hadn't been borned!”

“Tell mamma what is wrong now.”

“Well, den, old Tarlo's tail drowed out behind, when I wanted it to drow out 'tween his shoulders, tos why, for a pummel; so's I tould ride on his back, and have something to hold on to.”

For the Myrtle.

Leaving the Name.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FEMNCH.

One day a lady went to visit one of her friends. She did not find her in, but she found a great deal of dust upon the furniture. Wishing to give her friend a little lesson of neatness, she wrote everywhere with her finger the word “sloven.”

The next day she went again, and told her friend that she was there the day previously.

“I am aware of it,” was the reply, “for you left your name on all my furniture.”

Mrs. S. M. C. Perkins.



Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—A little girl of the Shawmut Avenue parish, Boston, raised \$75 by a parlor fair, for the benefit of the fair and festival to be held in the vestry of the church Dec. 16th.

—The young people of the Newtonville parish have organized a literary society, called by permission The Goddard Literary Union, in memory of the beloved and lamented Thomas A. Goddard. It begins its meetings in the pleasant new vestry with fifty members, and a prospect of increasing and vigorous life.

—A funny party was held by our Brockton friends the other evening. They called it a "Mother Goose Party," and here are some of the characters: "The old woman in the shoe," "To market, to market," "Bean Porridge hot," "The old woman who fell asleep on the king's highway," "Dame Trot and her cat," "The old man who went singing along," "Old man shall we go a shearing," "Bu-peeps" in profusion, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," "The schoolmaster and scholar," "Great A, little A, bouncing B," "Mistress Mary, quite contrary," "High diddle dumpling," two gentlemen who were compelled to bring their wives home in wheelbarrows, "Hot cross buns," &c. &c. The sport was participated in by old and young, and was a thoroughly social time. Not the least pleasing part of the affair was the singing, the entire company joining, in the final piece, "Auld lang syne."

—The Secretary of the Shawmut Avenue Flower Mission makes the following report of this summer's work: "Having finished our active work for the season of 1874, we desire to express our sincere and hearty thanks for the generous contributions of flowers, forwarded us every Monday, by our friends in the parishes of Quincy, Harrison Square and Newtonville, during the last six months; for the occasional, and equally acceptable contributions of private individuals; and for the handsome pecuniary aid furnished by members of our own parish. The following statistics will give some idea of the work accomplished during the past few months: Number of contribution, flowers, 72; of fruit, 5; amount of money, \$32.65. Number of distributions, bouquets, 1,249; of fruit, 8; amount, 1,257. We have also distributed 12 baskets of loose flowers—and furnished flowers for 4 funerals. We have \$11.53 remaining in the Treasury, and are only waiting for another season to open, that we may renew our work, and accomplish even more than we have done heretofore.

WISCONSIN.

—The Sunday School at Racine has paid for its Chickering piano by a series of concerts. The last two hundred dollars was paid by an "Old Folks Concert" just given by the young folks with great success.

KANSAS.

The *Star* makes a touching record of the death of a young Sunday School scholar in New Chillicothe, Mary M. Wilson, aged 15 years, who died Sept. 29th. "She was the oldest of three daughters. An obedient daughter and kind sister, she was a favorite in the family, and also in the Sunday School where her presence was hailed with delight by Superintendent, teachers and scholars. Intelligent, cheerful and pleasant in all her ways, the

loss of her presence is most felt in the family circle for the first time severed—severed to be re-united in the home above."

How to Retain Advanced Scholars.

A writer for the *Sunday School World* quotes the saying of a bright boy, who, on hearing the question discussed, "What can be done to retain advanced pupils in our Sabbath Schools?" remarked, "I can tell you what to do, *teach them something*," and improves it in this wise:

If the teacher would meet the responsibility of his position, and sustain an interest in the minds of his pupils, he must teach them something. If this be neglected, every device for rendering the Sabbath School popular will either fail at the outset, or after a brief period of success it will wear out. A healthy interest is created and sustained only by thorough Scriptural instruction. Biblical truth is in the highest degree adapted to arrest and hold the attention of the young. They are not, to the same extent of older persons, indifferent to their spiritual interests, or opposed to the Gospel, and there is no department of knowledge that to a mind in a moral condition is more intensely interesting. How long would a teacher of a secular school retain his pupils if he made the same sort of preparation that is made by many Sabbath School teachers? If he would interest his pupils, he must "teach them something," and it is not less important in the Sabbath School.

In Memoriam

I write to you from the First Universalist Sunday School of this place, and I wish to say through your columns that in the death of Ollie Wilcox we feel that, both as individuals and as a school, we have met with a deep bereavement. Although she had only reached the age of seven years, her sweetness, gentleness and loving ways, had won for her a home in every heart and

All who knew her wondered
That God should be so good,
As to bless with such a spirit,
A world so cold and rude."

For about three years her place in the Sunday School was seldom vacant, and we shall miss her sadly there. But our loss sinks into comparative nothingness when we think of the loneliness of the friends at home.

They have our deepest sympathy in their affliction, for, though the words are sweet, it is the Angel of Death who says,

"Lo, I crown her happy spirit with immortality."

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

H. Clark.

A Searching Question.

Here is a little story with comments, from the *Sunday School Times*, which is for every superintendent and teacher—a story to be pondered with "strong crying and tears."

A poor child, straying into a Sunday School one day, asked simply, "Is this the way to heaven?" The superintendent was for a moment startled. Was his school, indeed, the way to heaven? Was he trying to make it so? Were his teachers intent upon the same object? The artless question struck home. From desk to desk the question went around with a thrill. What were they all doing? Whither were they all tending? The question was like an angel suddenly come into their midst to make a record of all that transpired in that school.

The S. S. Helper.

Many members of Bible classes and adult classes in our Sunday Schools desire the *Helper* for use in preparing their lessons. The *Helper* without lesson papers will be furnished at one dollar a year, postage free. The essays on Sunday School work, the concert pieces, &c., will be found very interesting, while the "helps" on the lessons will be many times worth the price of subscription.

The Crucifixion.

MARK xv. 22—37.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." We come now to the time when Jesus made this great sacrifice of his life for the world that he so loved.

We left him just at the break of day on that fatal Friday, at the high priest's house, whither John and Peter had followed him, and where Peter denied him. As soon as it was morning the high priest assembled the elders to consult with them as to what should be done with their prisoner. The "elders" were the seventy grave and wise men who composed the "Sanhedrim," or great council of the Jews, and who governed every thing in regard to their church.

The crime of which they accused Jesus was that he called himself Christ, or the great Messiah who was to come. Thus they said he made himself equal with God. That he was Christ he did not deny; and this they called blasphemy. They were very zealous for the glory of God, and their Jewish worship, and no doubt the most of them honestly thought that Jesus was an imposter who was ruining the people by his new religion. They had been feeling thus against him for a long time, and their hatred and rage were now wrought up almost to frenzy.

Thus they blindly and fiercely condemned him of the most dreadful sin known to the Jews—blasphemy of God. But they had no power to punish him, because the Romans were the rulers of the country, and they alone could try criminals and condemn them. So the high priest and the elders took Jesus to the great "judgment hall" before Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor.

But they knew better than to accuse Jesus of being simply a blasphemer here, for Pilate was not a Jew but a Roman, and did not believe in their God, and did not care whether he was blasphemed or not. They must make some charge that Pilate *did* care about, and that the Roman law would condemn. So they declared to Pilate that Jesus was a rebel; that he tried to make himself a King of the Jews; of course if this were true, it would be a crime against the Roman power, and could be punished with death.

Pilate heard all that the priests and elders had to say, and examined Jesus long and thoroughly; yet it did not seem to him that they proved their case. He said, "I find no fault in this man."

But although Pilate wanted to be just, he was afraid of this great rabble of angry people. He saw that he could not save Jesus with safety to himself, yet he made some weak attempts to do it. John says that Pilate's wife came to him privately, and begged him not to condemn this just man. Certain it is that he was very loth to do it.

It is a merciful custom with us that on Thanksgiving day the Governor should pardon some criminal from the State Prison. Such a custom had the Jews on their great feast of the Passover. Pilate had a right to pardon one prisoner on this very day; so he thought he would try and save Jesus this way. They had imprisoned a noted robber, and rebel, and murderer, who had long been the terror of the country; and Pilate thought if he gave them their choice between this innocent man and that terribly guilty one, they would surely choose right. So he said, Whom will ye that I release unto you, Jesus or Barrabbas? But alas, the furious mob shouted, "Barrabbas."

Then Pilate could do no more, but consented that Jesus should be crucified as they demanded. But he took water and washed his hands before all the people, and declared himself "innocent of the blood of this just man." And the rabble cried, "His blood be upon us and our children." What a dreadful curse was that which they took upon themselves!

Immediately Jesus was led away to be crucified. It was the most dreadful punishment known to the Roman law, and was inflicted on none but slaves and conquered people who had com-

mitted crimes, especially upon rebels and murderers. Upon two rough beams of wood the criminal was nailed, and was left there to die.

But first they cruelly scourged, and reviled, and mocked Jesus, for it was the cruel custom so to torture prisoners. They spat upon him, and wagged their heads taunting him with what he had preached to the people. The Jews taunted him with his blasphemies; but the soldiers taunted him with being a rebel, and put a kingly robe on him, and a crown of thorns on his head, and a sceptre in his hand, and bowed the knee mockingly, saying, "This is the King of the Jews." Then they took him outside the city gates, with two other criminals, to "the place called Calvary," compelling him to bear his cross until he fainted; and the women wept all along the way as he passed.

Six hours he hung upon the cruel cross before death came to his relief. And his mother, and the other women who loved him, and his disciples stayed by him. The soldiers took away his garments and divided them among themselves, but even they were touched with pity at his sufferings, and offered him a stupefying drink, which he would not take. But he gladly took from them the sour wine or "vinegar" to quench his thirst, and this last kindness he received from his murderers.

None of the great words which this wonderful Saviour had said during his life were so full of power and love as those he breathed upon the cross. First of all came that sublime prayer for his murderers, "Father, forgive them,—they know not what they do." How grand and divine was this soul, that felt only pity for those who hated him, even while he was suffering the agonies they had brought upon him.

Then his heart was moved with love and pity for his mother, and he gave her tenderly to the care of his beloved John, and asked him to be a son to her.

He also turned with pity to the poor thieves crucified with him, and comforted them that they should afterward be with him in Paradise. Only at the last, when his suffering became more than mortal could endure, was a word wrung from him about himself; and then it was a mighty cry for help to God, in the very words of the old prophet, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" But the help came—the soul triumphed over the suffering body. He cried, as if with joy, "It is finished!" and breathed with his latest breath that heavenly prayer, "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit."

This world has never seen any other spectacle so great as the death of Christ. Do you wonder that a great infidel, in thinking of it, was so overcome with its grandeur that he cried out, "Jesus Christ died like a God?"

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